

Diamonds On My Windshield

Tom Waits

Well these diamonds on my windshield
And these tears from heaven
Well I'm pulling into town on the Interstate
I got a steel train in the rain
And the wind bites my cheek through the wing
And it's these late nights and this freeway flying
It always makes me sing There's a Duster tryin' to change my tune
He's pulling up fast on the right
Rolling restlessly by a twenty-four hour moon And a Wisconsin hiker with a cue-ball head
He's wishing he was home in a Wisconsin bed
But there's fifteen feet of snow in the East
Colder than a weld digger's ass
And it's colder than a weld digger's ass Oceanside it ends the ride with San Clemente coming up
Those Sunday desperadoes slip by and cruise with a dry back
And the orange drive-in the neon billin'
And the theatre's fillin' to the brim
With slave girls and a hot spurn bucket full of sin Metropolitan area with interchange and connections
Fly-by-nights from Riverside
And out of state plates running a little late But the sailors jockey for the fast lane
So 101 don't miss it
There's rolling hills and concrete fields
And the broken line's on your mind
The eights go east and the fives go north
And the merging nexus back and forth
You see your sign, cross the line, signalling with a blink And the radio's gone off the air
Gives you time to think
And you hear the rumble
As you fumble for a cigarette
And blazing through this midnight jungle
Remember someone that you met
And one more block, the engine talks
Whispers home at last
It whispers home at last
Whispers home at last
It whispers home at last
Whispers home at last And there are diamonds on my windshield
And these tears from heaven
Well I'm pulling into town on the Interstate
I got me a steel train in the rain

And the wind bites my cheek through the wing
Late nights and freeway flying
Always makes me sing
It always makes me sing (Hey look here Jack, ok)

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